

822
F15
1895

OAK ST. AIDS



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

822

F15

1895

The person charging this material is responsible for its return on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

University of Illinois Library

NOV 11 1968

FAIR EM.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ALBANY
1895

SHAKESPEARE'S DOUBTFUL PLAYS.

FAIR EM,

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER OF MANCHESTER;

WITH THE LOVE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.



Edited, With An Introduction,

BY

A. F. HOPKINSON,



London:

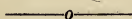
M. E. SIMS & Co.,

DELANCEY STREET, CAMDEN TOWN.

1895.

YRABILL
FIELD OF VETERINARY
MEDICINE

INTRODUCTION.



FAIR EM was published anonymously in 1631, with the following title-page:—*A Pleasant Comedie of Fair Em, The Miller's Daughter of Manchester; with the love of William the Conqueror. As it was sundry times publicuely acted in the Honourable Citie of London by the right Honourable the Lord Strange his seruants. London, Printed for Iohn Wright, and are to be sold at his shop at the Signe of the Bible in Guilt-spur street without New-gate. 1631. 4to.* There is another edition in quarto, without date; whether this was an earlier impression there is no means of judging. The play was not entered at Stationers' Hall, or if it was, the entry has not been discovered or has been lost. Although not printed until 1631, the play was manifestly written before that date by some forty years; this fact is ascertained from the title-page of the dated quarto which says it was *publicly* acted in the city of London, by Lord Strange's players. The date of Lord Strange's company lies between 1589-94, therefore *Fair Em* must have been written between those two dates.

There is no contemporary evidence or tradition assigning it to any dramatist. The earliest assignment dates in the time of Charles II., when the bookbinder to the royal library bound it with two other short plays, *Mucedorus*, and *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* (also anonymous), and lettered

the volume "Shakespeare, vol. I". This appears to be the first attribution of the play to any author, and is also the only piece of external evidence imputing it to the great dramatist. How the bookbinder came to so letter the book, is a matter which cannot be satisfactorily solved; he must have received his instructions from some independent source, or there must have been a tradition current at the time that Shakespeare was the author; I can scarcely believe he would assume the responsibility of deciding the authorship of the plays in question, neither am I disposed to attribute any dishonest motive to his action. Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675, ascribes the play to Robert Greene, wrongfully, as will be shown farther on. The date of writing must, I think, have been about the middle or towards the end of 1590. Our knowledge of the stage history of the play is meagre to a degree. The production on the stage must have followed closely if not immediately on the writing of the piece, having been acted by Lord Strange's men at the Cross Keys towards the close of 1590. Theories have been mooted as to its having been performed by Lord Strange's players at that nobleman's seat at Knowsley in Lancashire, but there is no direct evidence on the point; judging from the nature and motive of the play, the probability is that it was first acted in London. Henslowe's Diary mentions a play—not a new one—called *Sir John Mandeville* (Manvile in *Fair Em* is printed Mandeville in the old copy's *Dramatis Personæ*) as being acted eight times by Lord Strange's men at the Rose theatre between Feb. 24, 1592, and Jan. 29, 1593. Another play called *William the Conqueror*, was acted at the Rose by the Earl of Sussex' men on Jan. 4, 1593. I see no reason for supposing these plays

to have been *Fair Em* revived under a new title.

This play has been ascribed to Greene, to Shakespeare, and to Robert Wilson the elder. Phillips' ascription to Robert Greene is of no value, and derives support only from the fact that it bears some resemblance to the episode of Lacy wooing the Fair Maid of Fressingfield in Greene's play of *Friar Bacon*, but this assumption is contradicted by the external evidence; the resemblance is in reality a satirical parody of Greene's work, and shows conclusively that *Fair Em* could not have been written by him.

Fair Em, as Mr. R. Simpson first pointed out in 1876, is not a romantic but a satirical play, although the satire is cleverly masked under the guise of romance; Shakespeare is beyond doubt the author, and the person satirised is Robert Greene the dramatist. A short explanation of the symbolical nature of the chief characters and incidents in the play will make the satire more apparent. The windmill represents the theatre, the grist is the money taken at the doors, and the noise of the clapper is the applause of the audience. Em, the Miller's daughter, is Lord Strange's company of players, and the Miller is no doubt intended for Lord Strange under whose patronage they played. Manville (Greene) is engaged to Elner [*i.e.* the Queens company] but leaves her and woos Fair Em [Strange's company] who returns his affection, and becomes her accepted suitor. This is Em's first love, and the flame burns with a fervour and constancy usual on such occasions. Two other dramatists, Vallingford (Shakespeare) and Mountney (Marlowe) come to the theatre, behold Em, and are at once smitten by her charms. There are now three rivals on the scene contending for the same prize; the one who succeeds in winning

her carries away the palm as the best playwright. Em, however, is in love with Manvile, and receives the advances of her other two suitors with coldness; to Vallingford she feigns blindness, and to Mountney deafness in order to check their unpleasant attentions. Manvile seeing her visited by two other men, becomes the prey of jealousy which will not allow him to see through the ruse which Em in her constancy has adopted to rid herself of them; in fact he comes to believe that she is really deaf and blind, and forsakes her and returns to Elner. Mountney also believes her to be deaf and accordingly wings his swallow flight. Vallingford is now left alone and without a rival. From the first he has doubted the genuineness of Em's affliction, therefore he refuses to forsake her. The result is his manliness and constancy triumphs; the coveted prize is his; he has beaten his rivals on their own ground, and stands in the proud position of premier playwright. Should I be right in identifying Vallingford as Shakespeare, this ending looks like a prophetic forecast, for he remained the head and front of his company, through all its changes, till he finally retired from the theatre. Manvile on learning that Em's deafness and blindness was but a ruse to deceive and shake off Vallingford and Mountney, forsakes Elner and returns to Em, but she will not listen to him, and rejects his advances and apology with indignation; he again turns to Elner, but meets with the same fate at her hands. Here is a situation which the dramatist no doubt had purposely worked up with an eye to a parting fling of satire of the most caustic kind. Vallingford and Mountney gloat and triumph over Manvile's discomfiture and end by making a "scorn" of him. If this interpretation be correct, it opens

up a hitherto unexplored episode in Greene's life, and adds a unique paragraph to our early stage history. It shows that Greene desired to be, or was connected as a dramatist with Lord Strange's company in the early years of its existence, and that he left them, perhaps after the advent of Shakespeare, and returned to the Queen's company. This fact, if it be a fact, would account for Lord Strange's men having possession of and playing some of Greene's plays which must have been written for them while he was in their service; although some of them were acquired by purchase on the breaking up of the Queen's company in 1591-2. This is all very significant to understanding eyes, and those readers who are familiar with the ways and customs of the stage of that period, and can read between the lines, will find much curious light thrown upon the early drama and stage. The other characters in the play have a symbolical bearing and I have no doubt most of them can be recognised as contemporary actors, but at present I have not succeeded in identifying them. William the Conqueror, as Mr. Simpson pointed out, is William Kemp, who goes to Denmark to woo Blanch [*i.e.* the Danish stage]. In 1585 Kemp did leave England for Denmark, and has been traced by Cohn from thence to Saxony. This explains how it is that William the Conqueror becomes Duke of Saxony in v. 1. Trotter, the Miller's man and the comic personage of the piece, may have been Robert Wilson. This supposition is rendered more plausible by the circumstance that Wilson's doggerel rhyme is imitated and put into Trotter's mouth in II. 1.

Greene is not only introduced personally in this dramatic satire, but his works, style, and even expressions are glanced

at, parodied and ridiculed. The episode of Lacy wooing the Fair Maid of Fressingfield in *Friar Bacon*, is parodied in Manvile's wooing of Em; in the former case Lacy was successful to some extent, while in the latter Manvile was in the end contemptuously rejected, which must have added considerably to the pungency of the satire. Greene's pet phrase "for to"—which I have on other occasions pointed out as characteristic of Greene—is also made use of in this play. The second plot, dealing with the love of William the Conqueror, bears some resemblance to, if it was not actually taken from, Greene's pamphlets *Arbasto* and *Tully's Love*.

That the envenomed shafts launched forth in *Fair Em* hit the mark at which they were aimed, there can, I think, be no doubt; neither can there be a doubt that Greene was the object: indeed, he stands self-convicted of the fact, as is amply proved by the offence he took at the play. Greene, moreover, knew what had provoked the satire, and who his assailant was; accordingly he prepared all his weapons of scurrility and abuse to retort on his nimble but more scrupulous antagonist. His next pamphlet, *Farewell to Folly*, published in 1591, probably early in the year, contained a virulent attack upon *Fair Em* and its author. In the Introduction to that work he tells the author that the play is not his, but that it has been fathered on him; that he is incapable of writing anything by himself, and cannot even write true English without the aid of parish clerks; and, further, what he does write is distilled out of ballads—a ballad called *The Miller's Daughter of Manchester* was licensed in 1581, and according to tradition Shakespeare's first dash into verse was a ballad on Sir Thomas Lucy—or "borrowed it of Theological poets, which, for their calling

and gravity being loth to have any profane pamphlets pass under their hand, get some other Batillus to set his name to their verses. Thus is the ass made proud by this underhand trickery." He then goes on to allude to the play, and actually paraphrases two lines from it.—"As, for example, two lovers on the stage arguing one another of unkindness, his mistress runs over him with this canonical sentence, 'A man's conscience is a thousand witnesses'; and her knight again excuseth himself with that saying of the Apostle, 'Love covereth the multitude of sins'. I think this was simple abusing of Scripture. In charity be it spoken, I am persuaded the Sexton of St. Giles without Cripplegate would have been ashamed of such blasphemous rhetoric." This quotation is from the Introduction to the *Farewell to Folly*. The lines in the play, here glanced at, are "Thy conscience is a thousand witnesses," v. 1, and "Love that covers multitude of sins", v. 1. It is to be observed that the last line is not spoken by Em's lover, Manville, but by the Danish king in reference to his daughter Blanch.

That there was a cause for this satirical retort on Greene, goes without saying; and it is not very difficult to find the cause which called it forth. For several years anterior to 1590, Greene, in his numerous prose pamphlets, had been levelling his attacks at a player-dramatist with all the scurrility and venomous abuse his ready wit and never-too-particular pen could command. This player-dramatist, a "Roscius", a "peasant" as Greene sneering termed him, who who was not a scholar and University man as his assailant was, had aroused Greene's animosity not only by refurbish-old plays for the stage, but by penning new ones. This piece of impertinance cut to the very root of Greene's vanity.

In his own estimation he was the first dramatist of the day, and was intolerably jealous of interlopers or poachers on his dramatic preserves; but Greene had sufficient foresight to see that this upstart new-comer not only rivalled him in his own particular province, but bid fair by his superior genius to eclipse him. This intrusion, according to Greene's notion on the subject, was not to be tolerated; he was jealous of his fellow dramatists who were scholars, but when a "peasant", "an idiot art master", "a novice who sets the end of scholarism in an English blank-verse", modestly tried his hand—without the aid of parish clerks—at penning a new play, he was to be jeered at, howled and hooted down by all the blackguardism a jealous and evil-minded man can command. This was Greene's opinion on the point, and he acted up to it. Hence we find that Greene in his pamphlets from 1587 onward, directs his sarcasm and taunts at this player-dramatist. At first they were but the dim mutterings of vindictive jealousy, but as time went on they grew louder—increasing in tone as his rival's fame increased—and ultimately developed into an undying hatred. This intruding "peasant" was to be crushed without mercy, and Greene brought the whole weight of his venomous and malignant abilities to bear on the object he wished to accomplish. The sequel will show that he had calculated without his adversary; nevertheless he went on pounding away with all the dogged resolution a bitter hatred usually calls forth.

There is a limit to human endurance even in the gentlest nature; the worm trodden upon will turn. The player-dramatist at whom all this spite had been hurled, could endure the insolent and unprovoked attacks no longer; he

turned upon his enemy and boxed his ears well with his own pamphlets. The long silence he had maintained, was broken by the production of an original play, *Fair Em*, in which his despicable assailant was held up to undisguised ridicule and contempt. That the scorpion whips of satire with which the play was larded sank deep into Greene's flesh, is sufficiently proved by the offence he took at it. He was not silenced however, and the upshot was to make him more determined to drag down, if possible, the rival who had eclipsed his own genius, and was his equal in power and brilliancy of retort. We have already seen how he replied to this counter-attack in his next pamphlet, *Farewell to Folly*, and how he endeavoured to persuade his readers that the reputed author of *Fair Em* was not in reality the author of it, but had fathered it from some Theological poet &c. The contest did not end here. Greene continued his attacks with increasing virulence, and the player-dramatist again answered him by producing another satirical play, *The London Prodigal*, written in 1592 but not printed till 1605, wherein Greene and his despicable career, in the person of Matthew Flowerdale, is held up to scorn and detestation. The long and bitter contest was now drawing to a close, but showed no signs, on Greene's part, of abatement either in acrimony or scurrility. A final stab, made from a bed of sickness, was delivered at the player-dramatist, in *A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, wherein he is denounced as "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers", "a Johannes factotum", and "the only Shakescene in a country." Before this abusive pamphlet could be printed, the silence of the grave had closed over its ill-fated author. The Quarrels of Authors are always

bitter enough, but few have been characterised by such venomous malignancy—especially on the part of the assailant—as that between Robert Greene and the player-dramatist.

The question now arises, Who was this player-dramatist that had so provoked Greene's splenetic jealousy? The whole external evidence goes to prove that it was Shakespeare; and Mr. R. Simpson, in his *Account of Greene and his attacks on Shakespeare, q.v.*, has satisfactorily shown that such was the case. There was no other contemporary dramatist (except Shakespeare, whose genius thus early had made its mark) whom Greene had cause to fear; Marlowe in this case being out of the question. Judging from the internal evidence, Shakespeare to my mind stands confessed the author; the whole style, phraseology, thought, and dramatic handling is his. Let this play be compared with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labours Lost*, and Shakespeare's other early comedies, and many coincidences will be noticed which will prove them to have originated in the same mind. Mr. Simpson, in his scholarly and exhaustive essay above mentioned, has pointed out many similarities in thought, expression, situation etc., between *Fair Em* and Shakespeare's plays, which support this assertion. Some critics recognise the satirical intention of the play, but object to a Shakespearean authorship on the ground that Shakespeare's gentle nature, while willing to bear pain from others, would not allow him to give pain in return. On examination this proves to be mere fudge; the sentimentalism arises from the determination of some people to look upon Shakespeare as being nothing less than an angel; when in reality he was human and swayed by all the moods

and passions of man. It can be shown that when his dignity and manhood were called in question, he could arouse those latent capacities for sarcasm and retort (qualities which doubtless he preferred to remain dormant), and repel an unjust or ungentlemanly attack. It is matter of history how he took the buckram out of Ben Jonson when that individual's arrogant and overbearing nature had provoked a quarrel. In *Troilus and Cressida* he administered such a "purge" as, in the language of the nameless author of *The Return from Parnassus*, "made him bewray his credit": here is the purge alluded to.—

"He is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly," etc. v. 2.

In Greene's case the long quarrel with Shakespeare was wholly self-sought, and carried through on Greene's part with unabated virulence and animosity; it therefore needed a more drastic purgative, which was duly prescribed and administered in *Fair Em*, and *The London Prodigal*.

The preponderance of critical opinion is opposed to a Shakespearean authorship. Charles Knight, Mr. Tyrrell, Dr. Ulrici, Professor A. W. Ward, and Mr. Fleay unequivocally reject it. Charles Knight thought the play in both versification and construction appeared to belong to a period later than Greene's, and that its double plot points rather to the period of Beaumont and Fletcher. This opinion, however, is negatived by the evidence of the 1631 title-page which says it was played by Lord Strange's servants; and unless we are prepared to unconditionally reject that piece of evidence, it must be regarded as decisive in settling the early date of the play. The fact that it is in advance of its

time in versification, construction, etc., is rather favourable than otherwise to a Shakespearean origin. Mr. Fleay while recognising the satirical purpose of the play totally ignores a Shakespearean authorship, and attributes it to Robert Wilson the elder. Vallingford he identifies as George Peele. Robert Wilson the elder was the author of two tedious plays called *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584, and *The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London*, 1590, which nobody can endure reading except critics and commentators, who have patience enough for anything. It is but just to say that Mr. Fleay has pointed out two lines in these plays, agreeing with two in *Fair Em* which Greene sneered at in *Farewell to Folly*. They are indicated in a footnote on pp. 49 51. Judging *Fair Em* by these irksome performances, I must say that I do not recognise Wilson's hand in the play; it seems far in advance, in both style and finish, of anything he has left us. Tieck thought the play might be a juvenile work of Shakespeare's, and says—"The evidence of the bookbinder, whoever he may have been, cannot be unconditionally rejected." Mr. R. Simpson, to whom belongs the credit of first pointing out the satirical purpose of the play, argues strenuously in favour of its being an early work of Shakespeare's, and his argument in the Introduction to his reprint of *Fair Em*, (*School of Shakespeare*, II. p. 339, *et seq*) appears to me very pointed and conclusive.

My own opinion is that this play is by Shakespeare; an opinion which a further consideration of the evidence, internal and external has confirmed. The style, thought, expression strike me as being essentially Shakespearean; Mr. Simpson has pointed out many similarities and coincidences between *Fair Em* and Shakespeare's plays. Nor are these

similarities merely verbal; in some instances the same circumstances and situations are repeated under the same conditions as used by Shakespeare in his undoubted plays; e.g., *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Love's Labours Lost*, iv. 3; for similarity of thought, compare *The Comedy of Errors*, *Measure for Measure*, and the 1603 *Hamlet*, which do not by any means exhaust the list.

If it be urged, as militating against a Shakespearean authorship, that the play was unacknowledged during his lifetime, and not printed until some few years (assuming the undated quarto to be the earlier impression) after his death, I can only say that other plays which beyond doubt proceeded from his pen, shared a similar fate. When the play had answered its temporary satirical purpose—which would certainly end in Sep. 1592, the date of Greene's death—it would be to all intents and purposes dead, and some years at least must elapse before another generation would notice it. Among the first to neglect if not altogether forget it, would be the author himself; and it was probably at his request that it lay mouldering for years in the archives of the King's players. Under these circumstances there is nothing surprising in the fact that it remained so long unprinted. Many plays were not printed until years after they were written, and lay for ages in their manuscript state, either through ignorance or indifference, until some dramatic enthusiast recovered them and benefited our literature by committing them to the press. As an instance of this neglect, I may mention *en passant* that there is a MS. play in the Bodleian library* which has most unaccountably escaped notice. This play is called *Arden of*

* Among the Digby MSS.

Feversham, and was written in 1639 by Henry Burnell, author of the tragedy of *Landgartha*, 1641. Beyond doubt this *Arden of Feversham* is the unknown play by Burnell, mentioned by the editors of the *Biographia Dramatica* as acted (before 1640) on the Dublin stage without success. Yet strangely enough it has escaped the researches of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, Mr. Fleay, and other compilers of dramatic dictionaries. If the short extract I have seen from this play be a fair sample of the whole, it is much to be regretted that this second tragedy on the subject of Arden of Faversham has remained so long, and still remains, in its manuscript state. Perhaps the editorial dragnet of some future Collier or Dyce will recover it from oblivion, and, with the consent of the proper authorities, give it a permanent place in our literature by committing it to press.

In conclusion, were I called upon to answer the question, Is *Fair Em*, upon the whole and considering the early date at which it was written, worthy of Shakespeare? I should without hesitation answer, Yes; but at the same time I would observe that it must not be judged by, or compared to, such plays as the later *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Cymbeline*, or *A Winter's Tale*; it should rather be judged by *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labours Lost*, and other early comedies, to which in my opinion it bears close affinity. There are many scenes and passages in it which awaken reminiscences of Shakespeare, and are not altogether unworthy of Shakespeare's muse; the oft quoted passage,

“ Lay off thy hands, disloyal as thou art ! ” p. 52.

is by no means a solitary specimen, others could be noted for they abound in the play. Even putting aside the satirical aspect of the piece, and regarding it merely as a romantic

drama, I notice much in the thought, imagery, etc., which the consummate genius of Shakespeare at a later period elaborated and beautified.

Characterisation was one of Shakespeare's strong points, but the characterisation in this play is, upon the whole, rather weak and indistinct; Em and Manvile being the only exceptions to this assertion. To my mind the character of Em is an exquisite piece of workmanship throughout; she is tender, true, graceful, loving, and beloved by all who come in contact with her. In no play which appeared anterior to *Fair Em*, do I remember to have met with such an ideal woman; or with such a delicate piece of craftsmanship so subtilely and triumphantly worked out. It is a truism to say that Shakespeare's hand can always be detected in the portraits of his women, and the truism is repeated in the Miller's daughter. Here we have the perfect embodiment of a true woman—a type which the great poet loved to draw. Beyond all doubt Em was the precursor of Julia, Sylvia, and Rosaline, and like them emanated from the same fertile brain, and was outlined by the same master hand.

* * * * *

With this play the series of Shakespeare's Doubtful Plays terminate. There is another set of plays—six in number—which have been wholly or in part attributed to Shakespeare; they are:—

1. *The History of Cardenio*, entered on the Stationers' books Sep. 9, 1653, as by Fletcher and Shakespeare; it was acted at Court by the King's players in 1613. Mr. Fleay conjectures this to have been Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage*. Some critics however have identified it with *The Double*

Falsehood, which Theobald published in 1728 as by Shakespeare. Dr. Farmer thought it (*The Double Falsehood*) a production of Shirley's, or at least not earlier than his time, an opinion shared by Dyce. Malone was inclined to believe it was written by Massinger.

2. 3. *Henry I.* and *Henry II.*, by Shakespeare and Davenport; entered by Moseley Sep. 9, 1653. According to Reed *The History of Henry I.* was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert. MS. burnt by Warburton's cook.

4. *Iphis and Ianthe; or, a Marriage without a Man*, was entered June 29, 1660, as by W. Shakespeare.

5. *Duke Humphrey*, entered June 29, 1660, as by Shakespeare. MS. burnt by Warburton's cook.

6. *The History of King Stephen*, entered June 29, 1660, as by Shakespeare. MS. burnt by Warburton's cook.

As none of these plays is extant, comment, either way, is unnecessary.

A. F. HOPKINSON.

London, March 28th, 1895.

ERRATA.

Page iv l. 15 for triumphs read triumph.

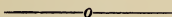
„ vii l. 25 for venemous read venomous.

„ ib. l. 29 for refurbish- read refurbishing.

„ 29 l. 1 for thee read the.

On p. 32 l. 18 I have inadvertantly followed the erroneous reading of the old copy : for Manchester read Chester.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, *afterwards disguised as*
ROBERT OF WINLSOR.

MARQUIS LUBECK, *a Danish nobleman.*

MOUNTNEY, } *Gentlemen of WILLIAM'S Court,—*
VALLINGFORD, } *Suitors to FAIR EM.*

MANVILE, *a gentleman of Manchester.*

DUKE DIROT, } *Norman nobles, left governors of England*
DE MARCH, } *during WILLIAM'S absence.*

SIR THOMAS GODDARD, *disguised as the Miller of Man-*
chester.

FAIR EM, *his daughter.*

TROTTER, *his man.*

ZWENO, *King of Denmark.*

BLANCH, *his daughter.*

MARIANA, *a Swedish captive of ZWENO, beloved by LUBECK.*

ROSILIO, *a Danish courtier.*

A CITIZEN OF CHESTER.

ELNER, *his daughter,*

Ambassador from Denmark.

A Messenger, Soldiers, Attendants, &c.

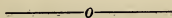
SCENE.—*In ENGLAND and DENMARK, alternately.*



FAIR EM,

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER OF MANCHESTER;

WITH THE LOVE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The English Court.*

Enter WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, MARQUIS LUBECK, with a picture, MOUNTNEY, MANVILE, VALLINGFORD, and DUKE DIROT.

Lu. What means fair Britain's mighty conqueror
So suddenly to cast away his staff,
And all in passion to forsake the tilt?

Dirot. My lord, this triumph we solemnise here,
Is of mere love to your increasing joys;
Only expecting cheerful looks for all.

What sudden pangs then move your majesty
To dim the brightness of the day with frowns?

W. Con. Ah, good my lords, misconster* not the cause;
At least, suspect not my displeasèd brows:
I amorously do bear to your intent,
For thanks; and all that you can wish, I yield.
But that which makes me blush and shame to tell,

* *i. e.* Misconstrue,

Is cause why thus I turn my conquering eyes
To coward's looks and beaten fantasies.

Mount. Since we are guiltless, we the less dismay
To see this sudden change possess your cheer ;
For if it issue from your own conceits,
Bred by suggestion of some envious thoughts,
Your highness' wisdom may suppress it straight.
Yet tell us, good my lord, what thought it is
That thus bereaves you of your late content ?
That in advice we may assist your grace,
Or bend our forces to revive your spirits.

W. Con. Ah, Marquis Lubeck, in thy power it lies
To rid my bosom of these thrall'd dumps :
And therefore, good my lords, forbear awhile,
That we may parley of these private cares,
Whose strength subdues me more than all the world.

Val. We go, and wish the private conference
Public effects, in this accustomed peace.

[*Exeunt all but W. CON., and LUBECK.*]

W. Con. Now, Marquis, must a conqueror at arms
Disclose himself thrall'd to unarm'd thoughts,
And, threatened of a shadow, yield to lust.
No sooner had my sparkling eyes beheld
The flames of beauty blazing on this piece,
But suddenly a sense of miracle,
Imagined on thy lovely mistress' face,
Made me abandon bodily regard,
And cast all pleasures on my wounded soul :
Then, gentle Marquis, tell me what she is,
That thus thou honourest on thy warlike shield ;
And if thy love and interest be such

As justly may give place to mine,—
That if it be, my soul with honour's wings
May fly into the bosom of my dear ;—
If not, close them and stoop into my grave.

Lu. If this be all, renowned conqueror,
Advance your drooping spirits, and revive
The wonted courage of your conquering mind ;
For this fair picture painted on my shield
Is the true counterfeit of lovely Blanch,
Princess and daughter to the king of Danes,
Whose beauty and excess of ornaments*
Deserves another manner of defence,
Pomp and high person to attend her state
Than Marquis Lubeck any way presents :
Therefore her virtues I resign to thee,
Already shrined in thy religious breast,
To be advanced and honoured to the full.
Nor bear I this an argument of love,
But to renown fair Blanch, my sovereign's child,
In every place where I by arms may do it.

W. Con. Ah, Marquis, thy words bring heaven unto my
soul !

And had I heaven to give for thy reward,
Thou shouldst be throned in no unworthy place—
But let my uttermost wealth suffice thy worth,
Which here I vow : and to aspire the bliss
That hangs on quick achievement of my love,
Thyself and I will travel in disguise,
To bring this lady to our Britain court.

Lu. Let William but bethink what may avail,

* *i.e.* Accomplishments.

And let me die if I deny my aid.

W. Con. Then thus:—The duke Dirot, and th' earl De-
march,

Will I leave substitutes to rule my realm,

While mighty love forbids my being here;

And in the name of Sir Robert of Windsor

Will go with thee unto the Danish court.

Keep William's secrets, Marquis, if thou love him.

Bright Blanch, I come! Sweet fortune, favour me,

And I will laud thy name eternally! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Cottage of the MILLER of Manchester.*

Enter the MILLER, and EM his Daughter.

Miller. Come, daughter, we must learn to shake off pomp,
To leave the state that erst beseemed a knight,
And gentlemen of no mean descent,
To undertake this homely miller's trade:
Thus must we mask to save our wretched lives,
Threatened by conquest of this hapless isle,
Whose sad invasion by the conqueror,
Have made a number such as we subject
Their gentle necks unto the stubborn yoke
Of drudging labour and base peasantry.
Sir Thomas Goddard now old Goddard is,
Goddard the miller of fair Manchester.
Why should not I content me with this state,
As good Sir Edmund Trafford did the flail?
And thou, sweet Em, must stoop from high estate*

The old copy reads, "stoop to high estate", which is nonsense. The correction was made by Tyrrell.

To join with mine, that thus we may protect
Our harmless lives, which, led in greater port,
Would be an envious object to our foes,
That seek to root all Britain's gentry
From bearing countenance against their tyranny.

Em. Good father, let my full resolvèd thoughts,
With settled patience to support this chance,
Be some poor comfort to your agèd soul ;
For therein rests the height of my estate—
That you are pleased with this dejection,—
And that all toils my hands may undertake
May serve to work your worthiness content.

Mil. Thanks, my dear daughter ; these thy pleasant words
Transfer my soul into a second heaven :
And in thy settled mind my joys consist,
My state revived, and I in former plight.
Although our outward pomp be thus abased,
And thrall'd to drudging, stayless of the world,
Let us retain those honourable minds
That lately governed our superior state,
Wherein true gentry is the only mean
That makes us differ from base millers born.
Though we expect no knightly delicates,
Nor thirst in soul for former sovereignty,
Yet may our minds as highly scorn to stoop
To base desires of vulgar's worldliness,
As if we were in our precedent way.
And, lovely daughter, since thy youthful years
Must needs admit as young affections,
And that sweet love impartial perceives
Her dainty subjects through every part,

In chief receive these lessons from my lips,
 The true discoverers of a virgin's due,
 Now requisite, now that I know thy mind
 Something inclined to favour Manvile's suit,
 A gentleman, thy lover in protest ;
 And that thou mayst not be by love deceived,
 But try his meaning fit for thy desert,
 In pursuit of all amorous desires,
 Regard thine honour. Let not vehement sighs,
 Nor earnest vows importing fervent love,
 Render thee subject to the wrath of lust :
 For that, transformed to former* sweet delight,
 Will bring thy body and thy soul to shame.
 Chaste thoughts and modest conversations,
 Of proof to keep out all enchanting vows,
 Vain sighs, forced tears, and pitiful aspects,
 Are they that make deformed ladies fair,
 And poor ones rich ;† and such‡ enticing men,
 That seek of all but only present grace,
 Shall in persèvrance of a virgin's vow,
 Prefer the most refusers to the choice
 Of such a soul as yielded what they sought.‡
 But ho, where is Trotter?

*Enter TROTTER, the MILLER'S man, to them ; and they
 within call to him for their grist.*

* Mr. Simpson suggests *form* of : he says,—“ the use of *former* is a proof that the copy was taken by shorthand, from hearing, not from a MS.”

† Mr. Simpson's emendation. The editions read,—

“ Poor wretch, and *all* enticing men,

That seek of *such* but only present grace.”

‡ Compare this speech with Corambis' advice to Leartes, in the old quarto *Hamlet*, 1603, Sig. C 2, and to Ofelia, *ib.* C 2, *verso*.

Trot. Where's Trotter? why, Trotter is here. I' faith, you and your daughter go up and down weeping and wamanting, and keeping of a wamentation, as who should say, the mill would go with your wamanting.

Mil. How now, Trotter, why complainest thou?

Trot. Why, yonder is a company of young men and maids, keep such a stir for their grist, that they would have it before my stones be ready to grind it. But, i' faith, I would I could break wind enough backward: you should not tarry for your grist, I warrant you.*

Mil. Content thee, Trotter, I'll go pacify them.

Trot. I wis you will when I cannot. Why look, you have a mill—why, what's your mill without me? or rather, mistress, what were I without you?

Em. Nay, Trotter, if you fall a-chiding, I will give you over.

Trot. I chide you, dame, to amend you. You are too fine to be a miller's daughter; for if you should but stoop to take up the toll-dish, you will have the cramp in your finger at least ten weeks after.

Mil. Ah, well said, Trotter; teach her to play the good housewife, and thou shalt have her to thy wife, if thou canst get her good will.

Trot. Ah, words wherein I see matrimony come laden with kisses to salute me: now let me alone to pick the mill, to fill the hopper, to take the toll, to mend the sails, yea, and to make the mill go with the very force of my love.

[*They call for their grist within.*

* The old copy has the following stage direction:—"Here he taketh Em about the neck."

I come, I come ! I' faith, now you shall have your grist, or else Trotter will trot and amble himself to death.

[*They call him again. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Danish Court.*

Enter KING of Denmark, *with some Attendants* ; BLANCH, *his Daughter*, MARIANA, MARQUIS LUBECK, *and* WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, *disguised.*

K. Den. Lord Marquis Lubeck, welcome home.
Welcome, brave knight, unto the Denmark king,
For William's sake, the noble Norman duke,
So famous for his fortunes and success,
That graceth him with name of Conqueror ;
Right double welcome must thou be to us.

Sir R. And to my lord the king shall I recount
Your grace's courteous entertainment,
That for his sake vouchsafe to honour me,
A simple knight, attendant on his grace.

K. Den. But say, sir knight, what may I call your name ?

Sir R. Robert Windsor, and like your majesty.

K. Den. I tell thee, Robert, I so admire the man,
As that I count it heinous guilt in him
That honours not duke William with his heart.
Blanch, bid this stranger welcome, good my girl.

Blanch. Sir, should I neglect your highness' charge herein,
It might be thought of base discourtesy.
Welcome, sir knight, to Denmark, heartily.

Sir R. Thanks, gentle lady. Lord Marquis, what is she ?

Lu. That same is Blanch, the daughter to the king,

The substance of the shadow that you saw.

Sir R. May this be she for whom I crossed the seas?
I am ashamed to think I was so fond*—
In whom there's nothing that contents my mind—
Ill head, worse featured, uncomely, nothing courtly;
Swart and ill-favoured, a collier's sanguine skin:—
I never saw a harder favoured slut.†
Love her? for what? I can no whit abide her! [*Aside.*

K. Den. Mariana, I have this day received letters
From Swethia, that lets me understand
Your ransom is collecting there with speed,
And shortly shall be hither sent to us.

Mar. Not that I find occasion to mislike
My entertainment in your grace's court,
But that I long to see my native home.

K. Den. And reason have you, madam, for the same.
Lord Marquis, I commit unto your charge
The entertainment of Sir Robert here;
Let him remain with you within the court,
In solace and disport to spend the time.

Sir R. I thank your highness, whose bounden I remain.
[*Exit K. DEN.*

Blanch. [*Aside.*] Unhappy Blanch, what strange effects
are these

That work within my thoughts confusedly?
That still, methinks, affection draws me on,
To take, to like, nay more, to love this knight.

* *i.e.* Foolish.

† Cf. *Comedy of Errors*, IV. 2,—

“ Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.”

Sir R. [*Looking at MAR.*] A modest countenance, no heavy sullen look,

Not very fair, but richly decked with favour;
A sweet face, an exceeding dainty hand;
A body,* were it framed of wax
By all the cunning artists of the world,
It could not better be proportioned.

Lu. How now, Sir Robert? In a study, man?
Here is no time for contemplation.

Sir R. My lord, there is a certain odd conceit,
Which on the sudden greatly troubles me.

Lu. How like you Blanch? I partly do perceive
The little boy hath played the wag with you.

Sir R. The more I look the more I love to look.
Who says that Mariana is not fair?
I'll gage my gauntlet 'gainst the envious man,
That dares avow there liveth her compare.

Lu. Sir Robert, you mistake your counterfeit—
This is the lady which you came to see.

Sir R. Yea, my lord, she is counterfeit indeed:
For there's the substance that best contents me.

Lu. That is my love. Sir Robert, you do wrong me.

Sir R. The better for you, sir, she is your love.
As for the wrong, I see not how it grows.

Lu. In seeking that which is another's right.

Sir R. As who should say your love were privileged,
That none might look upon her but yourself.

Lu. These jars become not our familiarity,
Nor will I stand on terms to move your patience.

* For metre, Tyrrell suggests,—

“A graceful body; were it framed of wax,” etc.

Sir R. Why, my lord,
Am not I of flesh and blood as well as you?
Then give me leave to love as well as you.

Lu. To love, Sir Robert; but whom? not she I love.
Nor stands it with the honour of my state
To brook corrivals with me in my love.

Sir R. So, sir, we are thorough for that love.
Ladies, farewell. Lord Marquis, will you go?
I'll find a time to speak with her I trow.

Lu. With all my heart. Come, ladies, will you walk?
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The English Court.*

Enter MANVILE alone, disguised.

Man. Ah, Em! the subject of my restless thoughts—
The anvil whereupon my heart doth beat,
Framing thy state to thy desert—
Full ill this life becomes thy heavenly look,
Wherein sweet love and virtue sit enthroned—
Bad world, where riches is esteemed above them both;
In whose base eyes nought else is bountiful!
A miller's daughter, says the multitude,
Should not be loved of a gentleman—
But let them breathe their souls into the air,
Yet will I still affect thee as myself,
So thou be constant in thy plighted vow.
But here comes one—I'll listen to his talk. [*Hides himself.*]

Enter VALLINGFORD, disguised.

Val. Go, William Conqueror, and seek thy love—
Seek thou a minion in a foreign land,

Whilst I draw back and court my love at home.
The miller's daughter of fair Manchester
Hath bound my feet to this delightsome soil,
And from her eyes do dart such golden beams
That holds my heart in her subjection.

Man. [*aside.*] He ruminates on my beloved choice :
God grant he come not to prevent my hope.
But here's another ; him I'll listen to.

Enter MOUNTNEY, disguised.

Mount. Nature unjust, in utterance of thy art,
To grace a peasant with a prince's fame !
Peasant am I, so to misterm my love :
Although a miller's daughter by her birth,
Yet may her beauty and her virtues well suffice
To hide the blemish of her birth in hell,
Where neither envious eyes nor thought can pierce,
But endless darkness ever smother it.
Go, William Conqueror, and seek thy love,
Whilst I draw back and court mine own the while,
Decking her body with such costly robes
As may become her beauty's worthiness ;
That so thy labours may be laughed to scorn,
And she thou seekest out in foreign regions,
Be darkened and eclipsed when she arrives,
By one that I have chosen nearer home.

Man. What comes he too, to intercept my love ?
Then hie thee, Manvile, to forestall such foes. [*Exit.*

Mount. What now, Lord Vallingford, are you behind ?
The king hath chosen you to go with him.

Val. So chose he you ; therefore I marvel much

That both of us should linger in this sort.

What may the king imagine of our stay?

Mount. The king may justly think we are to blame :
But I imagined I might well be spared,
And that no other man had borne my mind.

Val. The like did I : in friendship then resolve
What is the cause of your unlooked-for stay.

Mount. Lord Vallingford, I tell thee as a friend,
Love is the cause why I have stayed behind.

Val. Love, my lord, of whom?

Mount. Em, the miller's daughter of Manchester.

Val. But may this be?

Mount. Why not, my lord? I hope full well you know
That love respects no difference of state,
So beauty serve to stir affection.

Val. But this it is that makes me wonder most,
That you and I should be of one conceit,
In such a strange unlikely passion.

Mount. But is that true? My lord, I hope you do but jest.

Val. I would I did; then were my grief the less.

Mount. Nay, never grieve; for if the cause be such,
To join our thoughts in such a sympathy,
All envy set aside. Let us agree
To yield to either's fortune in this choice.

Val. Content, say I : and whatsoe'er befall,
Shake hands, my lord, and fortune thrive at all.* [*Exeunt,*

* Compare *Love's Labours Lost*, IV. 3.

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*Country near the MILLER'S Cottage.*

Enter EM and TROTTER, the MILLER'S man, with a kerchief on his head and an urinal in his hand.

Em. Trotter, where have you been?

Trot. Where have I been? Why, what signifies this?

Em. A kerchief, doth it not?

Trot. What call you this, I pray?

Em. I say it is an urinal.

Trot. Then this is mystically to give you to understand I have been at the Phismicary's* house.

Em. How long hast thou been sick?

Trot. I' faith, e'en as long as I have not been half well, and that hath been a long time.

Em. A loitering time, I rather imagine.

Trot. It may be so: but the Phismicary tells me that you can help me.

Em. Why, anything I can do for recovery of thy health, be right well assured of.

Trot. Then give me your hand.

Em. To what end?

Trot. That the ending of an old indenture is the beginning of a new bargain.

Em. What bargain?

Trot. That you promised to do anything to recover my health.

Em. On that condition I give thee my hand.

Trot. Ah, sweet Em! [*He offers to kiss her.*]

* Trotter means he has been to the physician's house.

Em. How now, Trot ! your master's daughter ?

Trot. I' faith, I am at the fairest. Ah, Em, sweet Em !

Fresh as the flower,
That hath the power
To wound my heart,
And ease my smart,

Of me, poor thief, in prison bound.—

Em. So all your rhyme lies on the ground.

But what means this ?

Trot. Ah, mark the device—

For thee, my love, full sick I was, in hazard of my life,
Thy promise was to make me whole, and for to be my wife.

Let me enjoy my love, my dear,
And thou possess thy Trotter here.

Em. But I meant no such matter.

Trot. Yes, woos, but you did. I'll go to our parson Sir John,* and he shall mumble up the marriage out of hand.

Em. But here comes one that will forbid the banns.

Enter MANVILLE.

Trot. Ah, sir, you come too late.

Man. What remedy, Trotter ?

Em. Go, Trotter, my father calls.

Trot. Would you have me go in, and leave you two here ?

Em. Why, darest thou not trust me ?

Trot. Yes, faith, e'en as long as I see you.

Em. Go thy ways, I pray thee heartily.

Trot. That same word, heartily, is of great force ; I will go : but I pray, sir, beware you ; come not too near the wench.

[*Exit.*

* Anciently the common designation of a parson. See *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, and *Sir John Oldcastle*.

Man. I am greatly beholden to you.—
Ah, mistress, sometime I might have said, my love,
But time and fortune hath bereaved me of that,
And I am abject in those gracious eyes,
That with remorse erst saw into my grief,—
May sit and sigh the sorrows of my heart.

Em. Indeed my Manvile hath some cause to doubt,
When such a swain is rival in his love.

Man. Ah, Em, were he the man that causeth this mistrust,
I should esteem of thee as at the first.

Em. But is my love in earnest all this while?

Man. Believe me, Em, it is not time to jest,
When others 'joy what lately I possessed.

Em. If, touching love, my Manvile charge me thus,
Unkindly must I take it at his hands,
For that my conscience clears me of offence.

Man. Ah, impudent and shameless in thy ill,
That, with thy cunning and defraudful tongue,
Seeks to delude the honest meaning mind !
Was never heard in Manchester before,
Of truer love than hath been betwixt us twain :
And for my part, how I have hazarded
Displeasure of my father and my friends,
Thyself can witness ; yet notwithstanding this,
Two gentlemen attending on duke William,
Mountney and Vallingford, as I heard them named,
Oft times resort to see and to be seen,
Walking the street fast by thy father's door,
Whose glancing eyes up to thy windows cast
Give testies* of their master's amorous heart.

* *i.e.* Testimony.

This, Em, is noted, and too much talked on ;
Some see it without mistrust of ill,
Others there are that, scorning, grin thereat,
And saith, "There goes the miller's daughter's wooers".
Ah me ! whom chiefly and most of all it doth concern,
To spend my time in grief and vex my soul,
To think my love should be rewarded thus,
And for thy sake abhor all womankind.

Em. May not a maiden look upon a man
Without suspicious judgment of the world ?

Man. If sight do move offence, it is the better not to see :
But thou didst more, unconstant as thou art,
For with them thou hadst talk and conference.

Em. May not a maid talk with a man without mistrust ?

Man. Not with such men suspected amorous.

Em. I grieve to see my Manvile's jealousy.

Man. Ah, Em, faithful love is full of jealousy.
So did I love thee true and faithfully,
For which I am rewarded most unthankfully.

[*Exit in a rage.*]

Em. And so away ? What, in displeasure gone,
And left me such a bitter sweet to gnaw upon ?
Ah, Manvile, little wottest thou
How near this parting goeth to my heart.
Uncourteous love, whose followers reap reward,
Of hate, disdain, reproach, and infamy,
The fruit of frantic, bedlam jealousy !

Enter MOUNTNEY.

But here comes one of these suspicious* men :

Witness, my God, without desert of me,*
For only Manvile honour I in heart,
Nor shall unkindness cause me from him to start.

Mount. For this good fortune, Venus be thou blessed,
To meet my love, the mistress of my heart,
Where time and place gives opportunity,
At full to let her understand my love.

[*He turns to EM, and offers to take her hand; she goes from him.*]

Fair mistress, since my fortune sort† so well,
Hear you a word. What meaneth this?
Nay, stay, fair Em.

Em. I am going homewards, sir.

Mount. Yet stay, sweet love, to whom I must disclose
The hidden secrets of a lover's thoughts,
Not doubting but to find such kind remorse‡
As naturally you are inclined to.

Em. The gentleman, your friend, sir,
I have not seen him this four days, at the least.

Mount. What's that to me?
I speak not, sweet, in person of my friend,
But for myself, whom, if that love deserve
To have regard, being honourable love,
Not base effects of loose lascivious love,
Whom youthful wantons play and dally with,
But that unites in honourable bands of holy rites,
And knits the sacred knot that gods—

Em. What mean you, sir, to keep me here so long?
I cannot understand you by your signs;

* *i.e.*, Without encouragement from me.

† Agrees.

‡ Pity, compassion,

You keep a-prattling with your lips,
But never a word you speak that I can hear.

Mount. What, is she deaf? A great impediment!
Yet remedies there are for such defects.
Sweet Em, it is no little grief to me,
To see where nature in her pride of art,
Hath wrought perfections rich and admirable—

Em. Speak you to me, sir?

Mount. To thee, my only joy.

Em. I cannot hear you.

Mount. Oh, plague of fortune! Oh, hell without compare!
What boots it us to gaze and not enjoy?

Em. Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*

Mount. Farewell, my love, nay, farewell life and all!
Could I procure redress for this infirmity,
It might be means she would regard my suit.
I am acquainted with the king's physicians,
Amongst the which there's one, mine honest friend,
Signor Alberto, a very learned man;
His judgment will I have to help this ill.
Ah, Em, fair Em, if art can make thee whole,
I'll buy that sense for thee, although it cost me dear.
But, Mountney, stay; this may be but deceit,
A matter feigned only to delude thee,
And, not unlike, perhaps by Vallingford.
He loves fair Em as well as I—
As well as I? Ah, no, not half so well—
Put case: yet may he be thine enemy,
And give her counsel to dissemble thus.
I'll try the event, and if it fall out so,
Friendship, farewell: love makes me now a foe.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An Antechamber at the Danish Court.**Enter* MARQUIS LUBECK, *and* MARIANA.*Mar.* Trust me, my lord, I'm sorry for your hurt.*Lu.* Gramercy, madam, but it is not great ;
Only a thrust, pricked with a rapier's point.*Mar.* How grew the quarrel, my lord ?*Lu.* Sweet lady, for thy sake. There was, this last night, two masks in our company, myself the foremost, the others strangers were ; amongst the which, when the music began to sound the measures, each masker made choice of his lady ; and one, more forward than the rest, stepped towards thee, which I perceiving, thrust him aside and took thee myself. But this was taken in so ill part, that at my coming out of the court gate, with justling together it was my chance to be thrust into the arm. The doer thereof, because he was the original cause of the disorder at that inconvenient time, was presently committed, and is this morning sent for to answer the matter : and I think here he comes. What, Sir Robert of Windsor, how now ?*Enter* KEEPER *with* SIR ROBERT OF WINDSOR.*Sir R.* I' faith, my lord, a prisoner ; but what ails your arm ?*Lu.* Hurt the last night, by mischance.*Sir R.* What, not in the mask at the court gate ?*Lu.* Yes, trust me, there.*Sir R.* Why, then, my lord, I thank you for my night's lodging.*Lu.* And I for my hurt, if it were so. Keeper, away ; I discharge you of your prisoner. *[Exit* KEEPER.

Sir R. Lord marquis, you offered me disgrace to shoulder me.

Lu. Sir, I knew you not, and therefore you must pardon me: and the rather, it might be alleged to me of mere simplicity to see another dance with my mistress, disguised, and I myself in presence. But seeing it was our haps to damnify each other unwillingly, let us be content with our harms, and lay the fault where it was, and so become friends.

Sir R. I' faith, I am content with my night's lodging, if you be content with your hurt.

Lu. Not content that I have it, but content to forget how I came by it.

Sir R. My lord, here comes Lady Blanch; let's away.

Enter BLANCH.

Lu. With good will. Lady, will you stay?

[*Exit LUBECK and SIR R.*

Mar. Madam—

Blanch. Mariana, as I am grieved with thy presence, so am I not offended for thy absence; and, were it not a breach to modesty, thou shouldst know before I left thee.

Mar. How near is this humour to madness? If you hold on as you begin, you are in a pretty way to scolding.

Blanch. To scolding, huswife?

Mar. Madam, here comes one.

Enter a Messenger with a Letter.

Blanch. There doth indeed. Fellow, wouldst thou have anything with anybody here?

Mes. I have a letter to deliver to the Lady Mariana.

Blanch. Give it me.

Mes. There must none but she have it.

[BLANCH snatcheth the letter from him. Exit Mes.

Blanch. Go to, foolish fellow : and therefore, to ease the anger I sustain, I'll be so bold to open it. What's here? Sir Robert greets you well ! You, mistress, his love, his life ! Oh, amorous man ! how he entertains his new mistress, and bestows on Lubeck, his odd friend, a horn nightcap to keep in his wit.

Mar. Madam, though you have discourteously read my letter, yet, I pray you, give it me.

Blanch. Then take it, there, and there, and there.

[*She tears it.* Exit BLANCH.

Mar. How far doth this differ from modesty ! Yet will I gather up the pieces which, haply, may show to me the intent thereof, though not the meaning.

[*She gathers up the pieces and joins them.*

“ Your servant and love, Sir Robert of Windsor, *alias* William the Conqueror, wisheth long health and happiness.”— Is this William the Conqueror shrouded under the name of Sir Robert of Windsor ? Were he monarch of the world he should not dispossess Lubeck of his love. Therefore I will to the court, and there, if I can, close to be friends with Lady Blanch ; and thereby keep Lubeck, my love, for myself, and further the Lady Blanch in her suit as much as I may.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—England. *Near the MILLER's Cottage.*

Enter EM.

Em. Ah, Jealousy, that sharps the lover's sight,
And makes him conceive and conster his intent,
Hath so bewitched my lovely Manville's senses

That he misdoubts his Em, that loves his soul.
He doth suspect corrivals in his love :
Which how untrue it is, be judge, my God !
But now no more : here comes Vallingford,
Shift him off now, as thou hast done the other.

Enter VALLINGFORD.

Val. See how fortune presents me with the hope I looked for. Fair Em !

Em. Who's that ?

Val. I am Vallingford, thy love and friend.

Em. I cry you mercy, sir ; I thought so by your speech,

Val. What aileth thine eyes ?

Em. Oh, blind, sir, blind ; stricken blind, by mishap, on a sudden.

Val. But is it possible you should be taken on such a sudden ? Unfortunate Vallingford, to be thus crossed in thy love ! Fair Em, I am not a little sorry to see this thy hard hap ; yet nevertheless, I am acquainted with a learned physician, that will do anything for thee at my request. To him will I resort, and enquire his judgment as concerning the recovery of so excellent a sense.

Em. Oh Lord, sir ! and of all things, I cannot abide physic ; the very name thereof to me is odious.

Val. No ? not the thing will do thee so much good ? Sweet Em, hither I came to parley of love, hoping to have found thee in thy wonted prosperity ; and have the gods so unmercifully thwarted my expectation, by dealing so sinisterly with thee, sweet Em ?

Em. Good sir, no more. It fits not me
To have respect to such vain fantasies,
As idle love presents my ears withal,

More reason I should ghostly give my life
To sacred prayers, for this my former sin,
For which this plague is justly fall'n upon me,
Than hearken to the vanities of love.

Val. Yet, sweet Em, accept this jewel at my hand,
Which I bestow on thee in token of my love.

Em. A jewel, sir! what pleasure can I have
In jewels, treasure, or any worldly thing
That want mine sight that should discern thereof?
Ah, sir, I must leave you,

The pain of mine eyes is so extreme,
I cannot long stay in a place. I take my leave. *[Exit.*

Val. Zounds, what a cross is this to my conceit; but,
Vallingford, search the depth of this device. Why may not
this be some feigned subtlety, by Mountney's invention, to
the intent that I, seeing such occasion, should leave off my
suit, and not any more persist to solicit her of love? I'll
try the event; if I can by any means perceive the effect of
this deceit to be procured by his means, friend Mountney,
the one of us is like to repent our bargain. *[Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Danish Court.*

Enter MARIANA and MARQUIS LUBECK.

Lu. Lady, since that occasion, forward in our good,
Presenteth place and opportunity,
Let me entreat your wonted kind consent
And friendly furtherance in a suit I have.

Mar. My lord, you know you need not to entreat,
But may command Mariana to her power,
Be't no impeachment to my honest fame.

Lu. Free are my thoughts from such base villainy
As may in question, lady, call your name ;
Yet is the matter of such consequence,
Standing upon my honourable credit,
To be effected with such zeal and secresy
As, should I speak and fail my expectation,
It would redound greatly to my prejudice.

Mar. My lord, wherein hath Mariana
Given you occasion that you should mistrust,
Or else be jealous of my secresy ?

Lu. Mariana, do not misconster me ;
I not mistrust thee nor thy secresy ;
Nor let my love misconster my intent,
Nor think thereof but well and honourable.
Thus stands the case :—
Thou know'st from England hither came with me
Robert of Windsor, a noble man at arms,
Lusty and valiant, in spring time of his years ;
No marvel then though he prove amorous.

Mar. True, my lord, he came to see fair Blanch.

Lu. No, Mariana, that is not it :—his love to Blanch
Was then extinet, when first he saw thy face.
Tis thee he loves : yea, thou art only she
That's mistress and commander of his thoughts.

Mar. Well, well, my lord, I like you ; for such drifts
Put silly ladies often to their shifts.
Oft have I heard you say you loved me well,
Yea, sworn the same, and I believed you too.

Can this be found an action of good faith,
Thus to dissemble where you found true love?

Lu. Mariana, I not dissemble on mine honour,
Nor fails my faith to thee; but for my friend,
For princely William, by whom thou shalt possess
The title of estate and majesty,
Fitting the love and virtues of thy mind,—
For him I speak, for him do I entreat,
And, with thy favour, fully do resign
To him the claim and interest of my love.
Sweet Mariana, then, deny me not;
Love William, love my friend, and honour me,
Who else is clean dishonoured by thy means.

Mar. Born to mishap, myself am only she
On whom the sun of fortune never shined:
But planets ruled by retrograde aspect,
Foretold my ill in my nativity.

Lu. Sweet lady, cease, let my entreaty serve
To pacify the passion of thy grief,
Which well I know proceeds of ardent love.

Mar. But Lubeck now regards not Mariana.

Lu. Even as my life, so love I Mariana.

Mar. Why do you post me to another, then?

Lu. He is my friend, and I do love the man.

Mar. Then, will Duke William rob me of my love?

Lu. No, as his life Mariana he doth love.

Mar. Speak for yourself, my lord, let him alone.

Lu. So do I, madam, for he and I are one.

Mar. Then loving you, I do content you both.

Lu. In loving him, you shall content us both:
Me, for I crave that favour at your hands,

Him, for he hopes that comfort at your hands.

Mar. Leave off, my lord, here comes the Lady Blanch.

Enter BLANCH.

Lu. Hard hap to break us off our talk so soon !

Sweet Mariana, do remember me.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Thy Mariana cannot choose but remember thee.

Blanch. Mariana, well met. You are very forward in your love.

Mar. Madam, be it in secret spoken to yourself, if you will but follow the complot I have invented, you will not think me so forward as yourself shall prove fortunate.

Blanch. As how ?

Mar. Madam, as thus : it is not unknown to you that Sir Robert of Windsor, a man that you do not a little esteem, hath long importuned me of love : but rather than I will be found false or unjust to the Marquis Lubeck, I will, as did the constant lady Penelope, undertake to effect some great task.

Blanch. What of all this ?

Mar. The next time that Sir Robert shall come in his wonted sort, to solicit me with love, I will seem to agree, and like of anything that the knight shall demand, so far forth as it be no impeachment to my chastity ; and to conclude, 'point some place for to meet the man, for my conveyance from the Denmark court, which determined upon, he will appoint some certain time for our departure ; whereof you having intelligence, you may soon set down a plot to wear the English crown, and then—

Blanch. What then ?

Mar. If Sir Robert prove a king and you his queen, how

then ?

Blanch. Were I assured of the one, as I am persuaded of the other, there were some possibility in it. But here comes the man.

Mar. Madam, begone, and you shall see I'll work to your desire and my content. [Exit BLANCH.

Enter WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

W. Con. Lady, this is well and happily met ;
For Fortune hitherto hath been my foe,
And though I have oft sought to speak with you,
Yet still have I been crossed with sinister haps.
I cannot, madam, tell a loving tale,*
Or court my mistress with fabulous discourses,
That am a soldier sworn to follow arms ;
But this I bluntly let you understand,
I honour you with such religious zeal
As may become an honourable mind.
Nor may I make my love the siege of Troy,
That am a stranger in this country.
First, what I am I know you are resolved,
For that my friend hath let you understand,
The Marquis Lubeck, to whom I am so bound
That whilst I live I count me only his.

Mar. Surely you are beholding to the marquis,
For he hath been an earnest spokesman in your cause.

W. Con. And yields my lady then, at his request,
To grace Duke William with her gracious love ?

Mar. My lord, I am a prisoner, and hard it were
To get me from the court.

* Compare Henry V's courting of Katharine. *Henry V.* v. 2.

W. Con. An easy matter to get you from thee court,
If case that you will thereto give consent.

Mar. Put case I should, how would you use me then?

W. Con. Not otherwise but well and honourably.
I have at sea a ship that doth attend,
Which shall forthwith conduct us into England ;
Where, when we are, I straight will marry thee.
We may not stay deliberating long,
Lest that suspicion, conscious of our weal,
Set in a foot to hinder our pretence.

Mar. But this I think were most convenient,
To mask my face, the better to 'scape unknown.

W. Con. A good device. Till then farewell, fair love.

Mar. But this I must entreat your grace,
You would not seek by lust unlawfully
To wrong my chaste determinations.

W. Con. I hold that man most shameless in his sin,
That seeks to wrong an honest lady's name,
Whom he thinks worthy of his marriage bed.

Mar. In hope your oath is true,
I leave your grace till the appointed time. [Exit.

W. Con. Oh, happy William, blessèd in thy love,
Most fortunate in Mariana's love !
Well, Lubeck, well, this courtesy of thine
I will requite, if God permit me life. [Exit.

SCENE II.—England. *Country near the Court.*

Enter VALLINGFORD and MOUNTNEY, at two sundry doors.

Mount. Vallingford, so hardly I digest an injury
Thou'st profferd me, as, were't not I detest
To do what stands not with the honour of my name,

Thy death should pay the ransom of thy fault.

Val. And, Mountney, had not my revenging wrath,
Incensed with more than ordinary love,
Been such for to deprive thee of thy life,
Thou hadst not lived to brave me as thou dost.
Wretch as thou art,
Wherein hath Vallingford offended thee?
That honourable bond which late we did
Confirm in presence of the gods,
When with the Conqueror we arrivèd here,
For my part hath been kept inviolably.
Till, now, too much abused by thy villainy,
I am enforced to cancel all those bands,
By hating him which I so well did love.

Mount. Subtle thou art, and cunning in thy fraud,
That giving me occasion of offence,
Thou pick'st a quarrel to excuse thy shame.
Why, Vallingford, was it not enough for thee
To be a rival 'twixt me and my love,
But counsel her, to my no small disgrace,
That when I came to talk with her of love,
She should seem deaf, as feigning not to hear.

Val. But hath she, Mountney, used thee as thou sayest?

Mount. Thou knowest too well she hath—wherein
Thou couldst not do me greater injury.

Val. Then I perceive we are deluded both;
For when I offered many gifts of gold,
And jewels to entreat for love,
She hath refused them with a coy disdain,
Alleging that she could not see the sun.
The same conjectured I to be thy drift,

That feigning so she might be rid of me.

Mount. The like did I by thee. But are not these
Natural impediments?

Val. In my conjecture merely counterfeit;
Therefore let's join hands, in friendship once again,
Since that the jar grew only by conjecture.

Mount. With all my heart: yet let's try the truth thereof.

Val. With right good will. We will straight unto her
father,

And there to learn whether it be so or no. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Danish Court.*

*Enter WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, and BLANCH disguised
with a mask over her face.*

W. Con. Come on, my love, the comfort of my life.
Disguisèd thus, we may remain unknown,
And get we once to sea, I force* not then;
We quickly shall attain the English shore.

Blanch. But this I urge you with your former oath,
You shall not seek to violate mine honour,
Until our marriage rights be all performed.

W. Con. Mariana, here I swear to thee by heaven,
And by the honour that I bear to arms,
Never to seek or crave at hands of thee
The spoil of honourable chastity,
Until we do attain the English coast,
Where thou shalt be my right espousèd queen.

Blanch. In hope your oath proceedeth from your heart,

*i.e. Care not.

Let's leave the court, and betake us to His power
That governs all things to his mighty will,
And will reward the just with endless joy,
And plague the bad with most extreme annoy.

W. Con. Lady, as little tarriance as we may,
Lest some misfortune happen by the way. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—England. *The MILLER's Cottage.*

Enter the MILLER, his man TROTTER, and MANVILE.

Mil. I tell you, sir, it is no little grief to me you should so hardly conceit of my daughter, whose honest report, though I say it, was never blotted with any title of defamation.

Man. Father miller, the repair of those gentlemen to your house hath given me great occasion to dislike.

Mil. As for those gentlemen, I never saw in them any evil entreaty; but should they have proffered it, her chaste mind hath proof enough to prevent it.

Trot. Those gentlemen are as honest as ever I saw; for, i' faith, one of them gave me sixpence to fetch a quart of sack. See, master, here they come.

Enter VALLINGFORD and MOUNTNEY,

Mil. Trotter, call Em. Now they are here together, I'll have the matter thoroughly debated. [Exit TROTTER.]

Mount. Father, well met. We are come to confer with you.

Man. Nay, with his daughter, rather.

Val. Thus it is, father, we come to crave your friendship in a matter.

Mil. Gentlemen, as you are strangers to me, yet, by the

way of courtesy, you shall demand any reasonable thing at my hands.

Man. What, is the matter so forward they come to crave his goodwill? *[Aside.*

Val. It is given us to understand that your daughter is suddenly become both blind and deaf.

Mil. Marry, God forbid ! I have sent for her ; indeed, she hath kept her chamber this three days ; it were no little grief to me if it should be so.

Man. This is God's judgment for her treachery !

Enter TROTTER, leading EM.

Mil. Gentlemen, I fear your words are too true : see where Trotter comes leading of her, What ails my Em ? not blind, I hope ?

Em. *[aside.]* Mountney and Vallingford both together ! and Manvile, to whom I have faithfully vowed my love ! Now, Em, suddenly help thyself.

Mount. This is no dissembling, Vallingford.

Val. If it be, it is cunningly contrived of all sides.

Em. *[aside.]* Trotter, lend me thy hand ; and as thou lovest me, keep my counsel, and justify whatsoever I say, and I'll largely requite thee.

Trot. *[aside.]* Ah, that's as much as to say you would tell a monstrous, terrible, horrible, outrageous lie, and I shall sooth it ; no, by our lady !

Em. *[aside.]* My present extremity wills me, if thou love me, Trotter.

Trot. *[aside.]* That same word, love, makes me do anything.

Em. Trotter, where's my father ?

Trot. Why, what a blind dunce are you, can you not see? He standeth right before you.

[*He thrusts EM upon her Father.*

Em. Is this my father? Good father, give me leave to sit where I may not be disturbed, sith God hath visited me both of my sight and hearing.

Mil. Tell me, sweet Em, how came this blindness? Thy eyes are lovely to look on, and yet have they lost the benefit of their sight. What a grief is this to thy poor father!

Em. Good father, let me not stand as an open gazing stock to every one, but in a place alone, as fits a creature so miserable.

Mil. Trotter, lead her in: the utter overthrow of poor Goddard's joy and only solace!

[*Exit the MILLER, TROTTER, and EM.*

Man. Both blind and deaf! Then is she no wife for me; and glad am I so good an occasion is happened. Now will I away to Manchester, and leave these gentlemen to their blind fortune. [Exit.

Mount. Since fortune hath thus spitefully crossed our hope, let us leave this quest,* and hearken after our king, who at this day is landed at Lirpool. [Exit.

Val. Go, my lord, I'll follow you. Well, now Mountney is gone, I'll stay behind to solicit my love; for I imagine that I shall find this but a feigned invention, thereby to have us leave off our suits. [Exit.

* Old copy, *quest*; Tyrrell's correction.

SCENE V.—*The Danish Court.*

Enter MARQUIS LUBECK, *and the* KING OF DENMARK,
angrily, with some Attendants.

K. Den. Well, Lubeck, well, it is not possible
But you must be consenting to this act.
Is this the man so highly you extolled?
And play a part so hateful with his friend?
Since first he came with thee into the court,
What entertainment and what countenance
He hath received, none better knows than thou.
In recompense whereof, he quits me well,
To steal away fair Mariana my prisoner,
Whose ransom being lately 'greed upon,
I am deluded of by this escape.
Besides, I know not how to answer it,
When she shall be demanded home to Swethia.

Lu. My gracious lord, conjecture not, I pray,
Worser of Lubeck than he doth deserve:
Your highness knows Mariana was my love,
Sole paragon and mistress of my thoughts.
Is't likely I should know of her departure,
Wherein there's no man injured more than I?

K. Den. That carries reason, Marquis, I confess.
Call forth my daughter; yet I am persuaded
That she, poor soul, suspected not her going;
For as I hear, she likewise loved the man,
Which he, to blame, did not at all regard.

Enter ROCILIO.

Rocilio. My lord, here is the princess Mariana;

It is your daughter is conveyed away.

K. Den. What ! my daughter gone ?
Now, Marquis, [now] your villainy breaks forth ;
This match is of your making, gentle sir,
And you shall dearly know the price thereof.

Lu. Knew I thereof, or that there was intent
In Robert thus to steal your highness' daughter,
Let heavens in justice presently confound me !

K. Den. Not all the protestations thou canst use
Shall save thy life. Away with him to prison !
And, minion, otherwise it cannot be
But you are an agent in this treachery :
I will revenge it thoroughly on you both.
Away with her to prison !

Here's stuff indeed ! My daughter stolen away !
It booteth not thus to disturb myself,
But presently to send to English William,
To send me that proud knight of Windsor hither,
Here in my court to suffer for his shame,
Or at my pleasure to be punished there,
Withal that Blanch be sent me home again,
Or I shall fetch her unto Windsor's cost ;
Yea, and William's, too, if he deny her me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—England. *The camp of the EARL DEMARCH.*

Enter WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, taken with Soldiers.

W. Con. Could any cross, could any plague be worse ?
Could heaven or hell, did both conspire in one
To afflict my soul, invent a greater scourge

Than presently I am tormented with ?
Ah, Mariana, cause of my lament !
Joy of my heart, and comfort of my life,
For thee I breathe my sorrows in the air
And tire myself, for silently I sigh,
My sorrows afflict my soul with equal passion.

Sol. Go to, sirrah, put up, it is to small purpose.

W. Con. Hence, villains, hence ! Dare you lay your hands
Upon your sovereign ?

Sol. Well, sir, we will deal for that ;
But here comes one will remedy all this.

Enter DEMARCH.

My lord, watching this night in the camp,
We took this man, and know not what he is ;
And in his company was a gallant dame,
A woman fair in outward show she seemed,
But that her face was masked, we could not see
The grace and favour of her countenance.

Dem. Tell me, good fellow, of whence and what art thou ?

Sol. Why do you not answer my lord ?
He takes scorn to answer !

Dem. And tak'st thou scorn to answer my demand ?
Thy proud behaviour very well deserves
This misdemeanour at the worst be construed.
Why, dost thou neither know, nor hast thou heard,
That in the absence of the Saxon duke,*
Demarch is his especial substitute,
To punish those that shall offend the laws ?

W. Con. In knowing this, I know thou art a traitor ;

* See Mr. Simpson's note, *School of Shakespeare*, II. p. 448.

A rebel, and mutinous conspirator.

Why, Demarch, knowest thou who I am?

Dem. Pardon, my dread lord, the error of my sense,*
And misdemeanour to your princely excellency!

W. Con. Why, Demarch, what is the cause my subjects
are in arms?

Dem. Free are my thoughts, my dread and gracious lord,
From treason to your state and commonweal;
Only revengement of a private grudge,
By Lord Dirot lately proffered me,
That stands not with the honour of my name,
Is cause I have assembled for my guard
Some men in arms, that may withstand his force,
Whose settled malice aimeth at my life.

W. Con. Where's Lord Dirot?

Dem. In arms, my gracious lord,
Not past two miles from hence,
As credibly I am ascertained.

W. Con. Well, come, let's go,
I fear I shall find traitors of you both. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Chester. *The garden before the House of a Citizen.*

Enter the CITIZEN, and his daughter ELNER, and MANVILE.

Cit. Indeed, sir, it would do very well if you could entreat your father to come hither; but if you think it be too far, I care not much to take horse and ride to Manchester.

* Cf. *The London Prodigal*, v. 1, p. 73, l. 21.—

“Pardon, dear father, the follies that are past,”

I am sure my daughter is content with either. How sayest thou, Elner, art thou not?

Eln. As you shall think best I must be contented.

Man. Well, Elner, farewell; only thus much I pray: make all things in a readiness, either to serve here, or to carry thither with us.

Cit. As for that, sir, take you no care; and so I betake you to your journey. [*Exit* MAN.]

Enter VALLINGFORD.

But soft, what gentleman is this?

Val. God speed, sir. Might a man crave a word or two with you?

Cit. God forbid else, sir; I pray you speak your pleasure.

Val. The gentleman that parted from you, was he not of Manchester, his father living there of good account?

Cit. Yes, marry, is he, sir. Why do you ask? Belike you have had some acquaintance with him?

Val. I have been acquainted, in times past, but, through his double dealing, I am grown weary of his company; for be it spoken to you, he hath been acquainted with a poor miller's daughter, and divers times hath promised her marriage, but what with his delays and flouts, he hath brought her into such a taking that I fear me it will cost her her life.

Cit. To be plain with you, sir, his father and I have been of old acquaintance, and a motion was made between my daughter and his son, which now is thoroughly agreed upon, save only the place appointed for the marriage, whether it shall be kept here or at Manchester, and for no other occasion he is now ridden.

Eln. What hath he done to you, that you should speak so ill of the man?

Val. Oh, gentlewoman, I cry you mercy: he is your husband that shall be.

Eln. If I knew this to be true, he should not be my husband were he never so good. And therefore, good father, I would desire you to take the pains to bear this gentleman company to Manchester, to know whether this be true or no.

Cit. Now trust me, gentleman, he deals with me very hardly, knowing how well I meant to him. But I care not much to ride to Manchester, to know whether his father's will be he should deal with me so badly. Will it please you, sir, to go in? We will presently take horse and away.

Val. If it please you to go in, I'll follow you presently.

[*Exit ELNER and her Father.*]

Now shall I be revenged on Manvile, and by this means get Em to be my wife; and therefore I will straight to her father's and inform them both of all that has happened

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—England. *A room of state in the Palace of*
WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Enter WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, the Ambassador of Denmark, DEMARCH, and other Attendants.

W. Con. What news with the Denmark ambassador?

Amb. Marry, thus: the king of Denmark, and my sovereign,

Doth send to know of thee what is the cause,
That, injuriously, against the law of arms,
Thou hast stolen away his only daughter, Blanch,
The only stay and comfort of his life?
Therefore, by me

He willeth thee to send his daughter Blanch,
Or else forthwith he will levy such an host,
As soon shall fetch her in despite of thee.

W. Con. Ambassador, this answer I return thy king—
He willeth me to send his daughter Blanch,
Saying I conveyed her from the Danish court,
That never yet once did as think thereof.
As for his menacing and daunting threats,
I will regard him nor his Danish power ;
For if he come to fetch her forth my realm,
I will provide him such a banquet here,
That he shall have small cause to give me thanks.

Amb. Is this your answer, then ?

W. Con. It is ; and so begone.

Amb. I go ; but to your cost. [Exit.

W. Con. Demarch,

Our subjects, erst levied in civil broils,
Muster forthwith for to defend the realm ;
In hope whereof that we shall find you true,
We freely pardon this thy late offence.

Dem. Most humble thanks I render to your grace.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Manchester. *The MILLER's Cottage.*

Enter the MILLER and VALLINGFORD.

Mil. Alas, gentleman, why should you trouble yourself so much, considering the imperfections of my daughter, which is able to withdraw the love of any man from her, as already it hath done in her first choice. Master Manvile hath forsaken her, and at Chester shall be married to a man's

daughter of no little wealth. But if my daughter knew so much, it would go very near her heart, I fear me.

Val. Father miller, such is my entire affection to your daughter, as no misfortune whatsoever can alter. My fellow, Mountney, thou seest, gave quickly over; but I, by reason of my good meaning, am not so soon to be changed, although I am borne off with scorns and denial.

Mil. Trust me, sir, I know not what to say. My daughter is not to be compelled by me; but here she comes herself: speak to her and spare not, for I never was troubled with love matters so much before.

Enter EM.

Em. Good Lord! shall I never be rid of this importunate man? Now must I dissemble blindness again. Once more for thy sake, Manville, thus am I enforced, because I shall complete my full resolved mind to thee. [*Aside.*] Father, where are you?

Mil. Here, sweet Em. Answer this gentleman, that would so fain enjoy thy love.

Em. Where are you, sir? Will you never leave this idle and vain pursuit of love? Is not England stored enough to content you, but you must still trouble the poor contemptible maid of Manchester?

Val. None can content me but the fair maid of Manchester.

Em. I perceive love is vainly described, that, being blind himself, would have you likewise troubled with a blind wife, having the benefit of your eyes. But neither follow him so much in folly, but love one in whom you may better delight.

Val. Father miller, thy daughter shall have honour by

granting me her love. I am a gentleman of King William's court, and no mean man in King William's favour.

Em. If you be a lord, sir, as you say, you offer both yourself and me great wrong; yours, as apparent, in limiting your love so unorderly, for which you rashly endure reproachment; mine, as open and evident, when, being shut out from the vanities of this world, you would have me as an open gazing-stock to all the world; for lust, not love, leads you into this error. But from the one I will keep me as well as I can; and yield the other to none but to my father, as I am bound by duty.

Val. Why, fair Em, Manvile hath forsaken thee, and must at Chester be married: which if I speak otherwise than true, let thy father speak what credibly he hath heard.

Em. But can it be, Manvile will deal so unkindly to reward my justice with such monstrous ungentleness? Have I dissembled for thy sake, and dost thou now thus requite it? Indeed, these many days I have not seen him, which hath made me marvel at his long absence. [*Aside.*] But, father, are you assured of the words he spake were concerning Manvile?

Mil. In sooth, daughter, now it is forth, I must needs confirm it: Master Manvile hath forsaken thee, and at Chester must be married to a man's daughter of no little wealth. His father procures it, and therefore I dare credit it; and do thou believe it; for trust me, daughter, it is so.

Em. Then, good father, pardon the injury that I have done to you, only causing your grief by overfond affecting a man so trothless. And you likewise, sir, I pray hold me excused, as I hope this cause will allow sufficiently for me; my love to Manvile, thinking he would requite it, hath

made me double with my father and you, and many more besides, which I will no longer hide from you. That enticing speeches should not beguile me, I have made myself deaf to any but to him; and lest any man's person should please me more than his, I have dissembled the want of my sight: both which shadows of my irrevocable affections I have not spared to confirm before him, my father, and all other amorous solicitors; wherewith not made acquainted, I perceive my true intent hath wrought mine own sorrow, and seeking by love to be regarded, am cut off with contempt, and despised.

Mil. Tell me, sweet Em, hast thou but feigned all this while for his love, that hath so discourteously forsaken thee?

Em. Credit me, father, I have told you the truth; wherewith I desire you and Lord Vallingford not to be displeased. For aught else I shall say, let my present grief hold me excused. But may I live to see that ungrateful man justly rewarded for his treachery, poor Em would think herself not a little happy. Favour my departing at this instant, for my troubled thought desires to meditate alone in silence.

[*Exit* EM.]

Val. Will not Em show one cheerful look on Vallingford?

Mil. Alas, sir, blame her not; you see she hath good cause, being so handled by this gentleman: and so I'll leave you, and go comfort my poor wench as well as I may.

[*Exit.*

Val. Farewell, good father.

[*Exit.*

A C T V.

SCENE I.—England. *An open space prepared for the meeting of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR and ZWENO the Danish King.*

Enter KING OF DENMARK, with ROCILIO, and other Attendants.

K. Den. Rocilio, is this the place whereas
The Duke William should meet me ?

Roc. It is, and like your grace.

K. Den. Go, captain, away ; regard the charge I gave :
See all our men be marshalled for the fight ;
Dispose the wards, as lately was devised,
And let the prisoners, under several guards,
Be kept apart until you hear from us.
Let this suffice—you know my resolution ;
If William, Duke of Saxon, be the man,
That by his answer sent us, he would send
Not words, but wounds ; not parleys, but alarms
Must be decider of this controversy.

Rocilio, stay with me, the rest begone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, and DEMARCH, with other Attendants.

W. Con. All but Demarch go shroud you out of sight ;
For I'll go parley with the prince myself.

Dem. Should Zweno, by this parley, call you forth,
Upon intent injuriously to deal,
This offereth too much opportunity.

W. Con. No, no, Demarch,

That were a breach against the law of arms ;
Therefore begone, and leave us here alone. [*Exeunt Att.*
I see that Zweno is master of his word.

Re-enter KING OF DENMARK and ROCILIO.

Zweno, William of Saxony greeteth thee,
Either well or ill, according to thy intent.
If well thou wish to him and Saxony,
He bids thee friendly welcome as he can ;
If ill thou wish to him and Saxony,
He must withstand thy malice as he may.

K. Den. William, for other name and title give I none
To him, who, were he worthy of those honours
That fortune and his predecessors left,
I ought, by right and human courtsey,
To grace his style with Duke of Saxony.
But, for I find a base, degenerate mind,
I frame my speech according to the man,
And not the state that he unworthy holds.

W. Con. Herein, Zweno, dost thou abase thy state,
To break the peace which by our ancestors
Hath heretofore been honourably kept.

K. Den. And should that peace for ever have been kept
Had not thyself been author of the breach ;
Nor stands it with the honour of my state,
Or nature of a father to his child,
That I should so be robbed of my daughter,
And not unto the utmost of my power,
Revenge so intolerable an injury.

W. Con. Is this the colour of your quarrel, Zweno ?
I well perceive the wisest men may err :—

And think you I conveyed away you daughter Blanch ?

K. Den. Art thou so impudent to deny thou didst,
When that the proof thereof is manifest ?

W. Con. What proof is there ?

K. Den. Thine own confession is sufficient proof.

W. Con. Did I confess I stole your daughter Blanch ?

K. Den. Thou didst confess thou hadst a lady hence.

W. Con. I have, and do.

K. Den. Why, that was Blanch my daughter.

W. Con. Nay, that was Mariana ;
Who wrongfully thou detainest prisoner.

K. Den. Shameless persisting in thy ill !
Thou dost maintain a manifest untruth,
As she shall justify unto thy teeth.

Rocilio, fetch her and the marquis hither. [*Exit Roc.*]

W. Con. It cannot be I should be so deceived.

Dem. I hear this night among the soldiers,
That in their watch they took a pensive lady,
Who, at th' appointment of the lord Dirot,
Is yet in keeping. What she is, I know not ;
Only thus much I overheard by chance.

W. Con. And what of this ?

Dem. It may be Blanch, the King of Denmark's daughter.

W. Con. It may be so ; but on my life it is not :
Yet, Demarch, go and fetch her straight. [*Exit DEM.*]

Re-enter ROCILIO with the MARQUIS and MARIANA.

Roc. Pleaseth your highness, here is the Marquis and
Mariana.

K. Den. See here, Duke William, your competitor,
Thnt were consenting to my daughter's 'scape :

Let them resolve you of the truth herein,
And here I vow and solemnly protest,
That in thy presence they shall lose their heads,
Unless I hear whereas* my daughter is.

W. Con. Oh, Marquis Lubeck, how it grieveth me
That for my sake thou shouldst endure these bonds !
Be judge, my soul, that feels the martyrdom !

Lu. Duke William, you know it's for your cause
It pleaseth thus the king to misconceive of me,
And for his pleasure doth me injury.

Enter DEMARCH with BLANCH.

Dem. May it please your highness,
Here is the lady you sent me for.

W. Con. Away, Demarch, what tell'st thou me of ladies?†
I so detest the dealing of their sex,
As that I count a lover's state to be
The base and vildest‡ slavery in the world !

Dem. What humours are these ? Here's a strange
alteration !

K. Den. See, Duke William, is this Blanch or no ?
You know her if you see her, I am sure.

W. Con. Zweno, I was deceived, yea, utterly deceived ;
Yet this is she : this same is Lady Blanch :
And for mine error here I am content
To do whatever Zweno shall set down.
Ah, cruel Mariana, thus to use
The man which loved and honoured thee with's heart !

Mar. When first I came into your highness' court,

* *i.e.* Where.

† Cf. *Twelfth Night*, iv. 2 :—" Out, hyperbolic fiend ! how vexeth
thou this man ! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies ?" ‡ Vilest.

And William oft importing me of love,
I did devise, to ease the grief your daughter did sustain,
She should meet Sir William masked, as I it were.
This put in proof did take so good effect,
As yet it seems his grace is not resolved,
But it was I which he conveyed away.

W. Con. May this be true? It cannot be but true.
Was't Lady Blanch which I conveyed away?
Unconstant Mariana, thus to deal
With him which meant to thee nought but faith!

Blanch. Pardon, dear father, my follies that are past,*
Wherein I have neglected my duty,
Which I in reverence ought to show your grace;
For led by love I thus have gone astray,
And now repent the errors I was in.

K. Den. Stand up, dear daughter. Though thy fault
deserves
For to be punished in the extremest sort,
Yet love, that covers multitude of sins,†
Makes love in parents wink at children's faults.
Sufficeth, Blanch, thy father loves thee so,
Thy follies past he knows, but will not know.
And here, Duke William, take my daughter to thy wife,
For well I am assured she loves thee well.

W. Con. A proper conjunction!
As, who should say, lately come out of the fire,

* This line occurs in *The London Prodigal*, v. 1.

† This is one of the lines sneered at by Greene in his *Farewell to Folly*.—Mr. Fleay points out a parallel line in R. Wilson's *Three Lords of London*, sc. 3 :—

“Love doth cover heaps of cumberous evils,
And doth forget the faults that were before.”

I would go thrust myself into the flame.
Let Mistress Nice go saint it where she list,
And coyly quaint it with dissembling face ;
I hold in scorn the fooleries that they use :
I being free, will ne'er subject myself
To any such as she is underneath the sun.

K. Den. Refusest thou to take my daughter to thy wife?
I tell thee, duke, this rash denial may bring
More mischief on thee than thou canst avoid.

W. Con. Conceit hath wrought such general dislike,
Through the false dealing of Mariana,
That utterly I do abhor their sex ;
They 're all disloyal, unconstant, all unjust ;
Who tries as I have tried, and finds as I have found,
Will say there 's no such creatures on the ground.

Blanch. Unconstant knight, though some deserve no trust,
There 's others faithful, loving, loyal, and just !

*Enter VALLINGFORD, with EM and the MILLER, MOUNTNEY,
MANVILE and ELNER.*

W. Con. How now, Lord Vallingford, what makes these
women here ?

Val. Here be two women, may it please your grace,
That are contracted to one man, and are
In strife whether shall have him to her husband.

W. Con. Stand forth, women, and say
To whether of you did he first give his faith.

Em. To me, forsooth.

Eln. To me, my gracious lord.

W. Con. Speak, Manvile ; to whether didst thou give
thy faith ?

Man. To say the truth, this maid had first my love.

Eln. Yea, Manvile, but there was no witness by.

Em. Thy conscience, Manvile, is a thousand witnesses.*

Eln. She hath stolen a conscience to serve her own turn;
But you are deceived, i' faith, he will none of you.

Man. Indeed, dread lord, so dear I held her love,
As in the same I put my whole delight;
But some impediments, which at that instant
Happened, made me forsake her quite;
For which I had her father's frank consent.

W. Con. What were the impediments?

Man. Why, she could neither hear nor see.

W. Con. Now she doth both. Maiden, how were you
cured?

Em. Pardon, my lord, I'll tell your grace the truth,
Be it not imputed to me as discredit.
I loved this Manvile so much, that still methought,
When he was absent, did present to me
The form and feature of that countenance
Which I did shrine an idol in my heart;
And never could I see a man, methought,
That equalled Manvile in my partial eye.
Nor was there any love between us lost,
But that I held the same in high regard,
Until repair of some unto our house,
Of whom my Manvile grew thus jealous;

* This is the other line sneered at by Greene in his *Farewell to Folly*.

Cf. *Richard III*, v. 2.—“Conscience is a thousand swords.”
Again, *Ibid.* v. 3.—“My conscience is a thousand several tongues.”

In R. Wilson's *Three Ladies of London*, Scene 16, the following line
(cited by Mr. Fleay) occurs :—

“I conscience am a thousand witnesses.”

As if he took exception I vouchsafed
To hear them speak, or saw them when they came ;
On which I straight took order with myself
To void the scruple of his conscience,
By counterfeiting that I neither saw nor heard,
Anyways to rid my hands of them.
All this I did to keep my Manvile's love,
Which he unkindly seeks for to reward.

Man. And did my Em, to keep her faith with me,
Dissemble that she neither heard nor saw ?
Pardon me, sweet Em, for I am only thine !

Em. Lay off thy hands, disloyal as thou art !
Nor shalt thou have possession of my love,
That canst so finely shift thy matters off.
Put case I had been blind and could not see,
As oftentimes such visitations fall,
That pleaseth God, which all things doth dispose,
Shouldst thou forsake me in regard of that ?
I tell thee, Manvile, hadst thou been blind,
Or deaf or dumb, or what impediments
Else might befall to man,
Em would have loved, and kept, and honoured thee ;
Yea, begged, if wealth had failed, for thy relief.

Man. Forgive me, sweet Em !

Em. I do forgive thee with my heart,
And will forget thee too, if case I can ;
But never speak to me, nor seem to know me.*

Man. Then farewell frost ! well fare a wench that will !
Now, Elner, I'm thine own, my girl.

* Cf. *The London Prodigal*, III. 3 :—

“ Never come near my sight, nor look on me.”

Eln. Mine, Manvile? thou never shalt be mine ;
I so detest thy villainy,
That whilst I live I will abhor thy company.

Man. Is it come to this? Of late I had choice of twain,
On either side, to have me to her husband,
And now am utterly rejected of them both.

Val. My lord, this gentleman, when time was,
Stood something in our light,
And now I think it not amiss
To laugh at him that sometime scorned at us.

Mount. Content, my lord, invent the form.

Val. Then thus*—

W. Con. I see that women are not general evils—
Blanch is fair ; methinks I see in her
A modest countenance, a heavenly blush.
Zweno, receive a reconciled foe,
Not as thy friend, but as thy son-in-law,
If so that thou be thus content.

K. Den. I joy to see your grace so tractable :—
Here, take my daughter Blanch,
And after my decease the Denmark crown.

W. Con. Now, sir, how stands the case with you ?

Man. I partly am persuaded as your grace is—
My lord, he's best at ease that meddleth least.†

Val. Sir, may a man be so bold
As to crave a word with you ?

* Something has evidently dropped out here, or else the next four speeches are printed out of place. See Mr. Simpson's note, *School of Shakespeare*, II. p. 464.

† The lines from the last reference mark up to this point should, I think, have come before William accepts Blanch ; I have retained them where they stand in conformity to the old copy.

Man. Yea, two or three. What are they?

Val. I say, *this* maid will have thee to her husband.

Mount. And I say *this*: and therefore will I lay
An hundred pound.

Val. And I say *this*: whereon I'll lay as much.

Man. And I say neither: what say you to that?

Mount. If that be true, then are we both deceived.

Man. Why, it is true, and you are both deceived.

Lu. In mine eyes, this is the properest wench.
Might I advise thee, take her to thy wife?

K. Den. It seems to me she hath refused him.

Lu. Why, there's the spite.

K. Den. If one refuse him, yet may he have the other.

Lu. He'll ask but her good will, and all her friends.

K. Den. Might I advise thee? Let them both alone.

Man. Yea, that's the course, and thereon will I stand;
Such idle love henceforth I will detest.

Val. The fox will eat no grapes, and why?

Mount. I know, full well, because they hang too high.

W. Con. And may't be a miller's daughter by her birth?
I cannot think but she is better born.

Val. Sir Thomas Goddard hight this reverend man,
Famed for his virtues, and his good success;
Whose fame hath been renownèd through the world.

W. Con. Sir Thomas Goddard, welcome to thy prince,
And fair Em, frolic with thy good father.
As glad am I to find Sir Thomas Goddard,
As good Sir Edmond Treford, on the plains;
He like a shepherd, and thou our country miller.

Mil. And longer let not Goddard live a day,
Than he in honour loves his sovereign.

W. Con. But say, Sir Thomas, shall I give thy daughter?

Mil. Sir Thomas Goddard, and all that he hath,
Doth rest at the pleasure of your majesty.

W. Con. And what says Em to lovely Vallingford?
It seemed he loved you well, that for your sake
Durst leave his king.

Em. Em rests at the pleasure of your highness;
And would I were a wife for his desert.

W. Con. Then here, Lord Vallingford, receive fair Em.
Here take her, make her thy espoused wife.
Then go we in, that preparation may be made,
To see these nuptials solemnly performed.

[*Exeunt. Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*]

THE END.



LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
1891

NOTICE.



With this play the series of Shakespeare's Doubtful Plays terminate. Another series of reprints of **OLD ENGLISH PLAYS** is contemplated ; among the earlier issues will be

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

THE TROUBLESOME REIGN OF KING JOHN.

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY OF KING LEIR,

SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA, &c., &c.

A solid horizontal line, used as a section separator.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 070130114